

Lay It on Me

Kid Rock

Lay it on me
King Cowboy baby, you know my credits
Don't ask if it's true, fuck it I said it
Regret it? (Never) Pimpin'? (Forever)
Pull more hoe's than the free cash levers
So you better never, question the cleaver, cleaver
I sever whatever, forget her, and turn 'em redder than ever
You better wet her, and leave her makin' her miss me
Cause that's how we do it up in Detroit city

71 super charged big block hemmy
Ya eldavarge, I'm livin' more like Lemmy
B-B-B-B-B Benny and the jet's is hot
But you aint never met a motherfucker like Kid Rock
And Twisted Brown Truckers like a loaded gun
We're the band that other bands run from
Doin' the backstage boogie is where you'll find me
If you want some of that flash a pass, come back and
lay it on me

Lay it on me
Baby you got
Lay it on me
Uhh..just lay it on me
Lay it on me
Lay it on me

Now, people always say I aint livin' right
But it aint my fault you misplaced your light
Replaced your wife with some 2 bit missy
Now she's gettin' fucked up in Detroit city
Kickin' with the hippies, bikers, thugs
Hit me with a micky, fast women and drugs
1 love, for 2 minutes a 3rd minute I'm gone
Wake me up to eat around the crack of dawn
I'm makin' pancakes baby if ya crack the eggs
You'll feel the hours torn later when you spread your legs
No need to bag, and don't trail behind me
Just step up front a little lady and
Lay it on me

Lay it on me
Baby you got
Lay it on me
Uhh uhh uhh uhh..just lay it on me
Lay it on me
Lay it on me
Hey, hey, hey

(talkbox)Here we go, lets, lets jam.
We're comin', we're comin', we're comin'
Live from Detroit it's Saturday night
Got the funky fresh rhyme no beat to bite
And to ya'll hee haws who thought I'd never rank
I'm goin' hahahahaha all the way to the bank bitch
I got rich off a keepin' it real
While you radioheads are reinventin' the wheel

Got critics all trippin' off I don't know what
While I'm sippin' king louie not givin' a fuck
Trash me in the news, give me wack reviews
But you'll never find another who can fill my shoes
Who can roll the blues, who can rock the rap
Who can rock, who can roll, who can flow like that
Uhh black rim and a pocket full of phone numbers
From Pam Anderson to Suzanne Summers
Understand I want peace like Gandi
But until that day I'ma walk this way so

Lay it on me
I'm talkin' all night long
Lay it on me
Like a bang a gong
Lay it on me
With AC/DC on
From hells bells to the next 9 songs
Lay it on me
I can love you like that
Lay it on me
I'd rather fuck to Foghat
Lay it on me
Yeah I can make you shake
Slow ride it baby through the piano break
Come on, come on, come on
So step up front little lady
Lay it on me
Got to lay it on
Lay it on me
Yeahhhhhhhh yeahhhhhhhh
Ohhhhhh lat it on me
You gotta 1, 2, 3 give it up
Lay it on me